

THE BAR'D.



THE BAR'D.



P O E M S

B Y

M^{R.} G R A Y.



DUBLIN:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM SLEATER
IN CASTLE-STREET.

1768.

© 1980 by David M. Bussell
All rights reserved
Library of Congress Catalog Card Number
89-60000



Advertisement.



*A*T the desire of some Gentlemen, for whose Taste and Judgment the Editor hath the greatest Respect, he has added to this Edition of Mr. Gray's Poems two Latin Translations of the celebrated Elegy written in a Country Church-yard, with a poetical Address to the Author; one by the Rev. Mr. Lloyd, the other by an anonymous Person, which Translations and Poem, it is hoped, will not be unacceptable to the classical Reader.





CONTENTS.



	<i>Page.</i>
O DE on the SPRING. - - - - -	11
— on the Death of a FAVOURITE CAT.	19
— on a distant Prospect of ETON COLLEGE. - - - - -	} 25
A LONG STORY. - - - - -	35
H YMN to ADVERSITY. - - - - -	51
T he PROGRESS of POESY, - - - - -	57
T he BARD. - - - - -	71
T he FATAL SISTERS. - - - - -	93
T he DESCENT of ODIN. - - - - -	101
T he TRIUMPHS of OWEN. - - - - -	111
C ARMEN ELEGIACUM. - - - - -	117
E LEGIA, &c. - - - - -	130
E LEGY written in a COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD. - - - - -	} 131

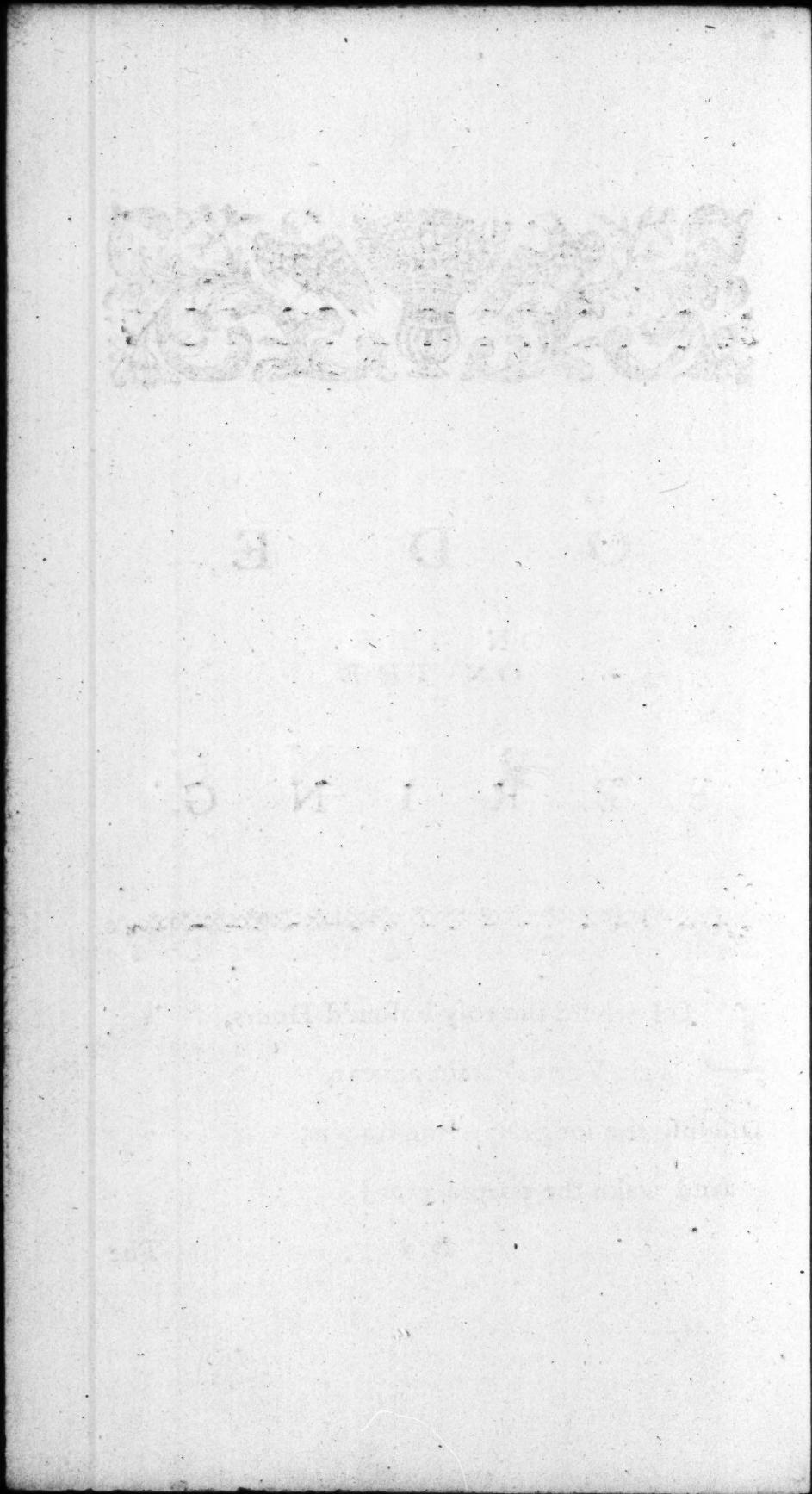
12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100



O D E
ON THE
S P R I N G.



B





O D E
ON THE
S P R I N G.

L O ! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Fair VENUS' train appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flow'rs,
And wake the purple year !

12 ODE ON THE SPRING.

The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckow's note,
The untaught harmony of Spring :
While whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear, blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling,

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader, browner shade ;
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade * :
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think

(At

* ————— a bank

O'ercanopy'd with luscious woodbine.

Shakesp. Midſ. Night's Dream.

ODE ON THE SPRING 13

(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)

How vain the ardour of the Crowd,

How low, how little are the Proud,

How indigent the Great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care:

The panting herds repose:

Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air

The busy murmur glows!

The insect youth are on the wing,

Eager to taste the honied spring,

And float amid the liquid noon*:

Some lightly o'er the current skim,

Some shew their gayly-gilded trim

Quick-glancing to the sun†.

B 3

To

* "Nare per æstatem liquidam—"

Virgil. Georg. lib. 4.

† ——— sporting with quick glance

Shew to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with
gold. *Milton's Paradise Lost, book 7.*

14 ODE ON THE SPRING.

To Contemplation's sober eye *

Such is the race of Man :
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.

Alike the Busy and the Gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,

In Fortune's varying colours dreſt :
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to reſt.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,

The ſportive kind reply :
Poor moralist ! and what art thou ?
A solitary fly !

Thy

* While insects from the threshold preach, &c.

M. GREEN, in the Grotto.
Dodsley's Miscellanies, [Lond. Edit.] Vol. V. p. 861.

ODE ON THE SPRING 15

Thy Joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display :
On hasty wings thy youth is flown ;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone —
We frolick, while 'tis May.





O D E

ON THE DEATH OF A

FAVOURITE CAT,

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.



TAO ATTRAUOVA

solidamente del suo bancho

ma non per questo ha meno

che solle uito a se sarà

in ben altro punto d'orario

ma non per questo ha meno

che solle uito a se sarà



O D E

ON THE DEATH OF A

FAVOURITE CAT,

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.

T W A S on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
The azure flowers, that blow ;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclin'd,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her

20 ODE ON THE DEATH OF

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd ;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
 The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw ; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd ; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
 The Genii of the stream :
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Thro' richest purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.
The hapless Nymph with wonder saw,
A whisker first, and then a claw ;

With

A FAVOURITE CAT.

21

With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize,
What female heart can gold despise?
What Cat's averse to fish!

Presumptuous Maid! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between.
(Malignant fate sat by, and simul'd)
The slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry God,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd:
Nor cruel *Tom*, nor *Susan* heard.
A Fav'rite has no friend!

From

From hence, ye Beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.

Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize ;
Nor all, that glisters, gold.



O D E

ON A

DISTANT PROSPECT

OF

ETON COLLEGE.

"Ανθρωπος' ικανη πρόφασις εις τὸ δυστυχεῖν.

MENANDER.



O D E

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF

ETON COLLEGE.



YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her HENRY's * holy Shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of WINDSOR's heights th' expanse below

Of

* King HENRY the Sixth, Founder of the College.

Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flow'rs among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way.

Ah happy hills, ah pleasing shade,
Ah fields belov'd in vain,
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain !
I feel the gales, that from you blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And, * redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say,

* And bees their honey redolent of spring.

Dryden's Fable on the Pythag. System.

PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE 27

Say, Father THAMES, for thou hast seen

Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green

The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave ?

The captive linnet which enthrall ?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball ?

While some, on earnest business bent,

Their murmur'ring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty :

Some

28 ODE ON A DISTANT

Some bold adventurets disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry :
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed;
Less pleasing when possest ;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast :
Their buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever-new,
And lively clear of vigour born ;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas,

PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE. 29

Alas, regardless of their doom,

The little victims play !

No sense have they of ills to come,

Nor care beyond to-day ;

Yet see how all around 'em wait

The Ministers of human fate,

And black Misfortune's baleful train !

Ah, shew them where in ambush stand

To seize their prey the murth'rous band !

Ah, tell them, they are men !

These shall the fury Passions tear,

The vultures of the mind,

Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,

And Shame that sculks behind ;

Or pineing Love shall waste their youth.

Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,

That

30 ODE ON A DISTANT

That only gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a Sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow ;
And keen Remorse with blood defil'd,
And moody Madness * laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

L

* —— Madness laughing in his ireful mood.

Dryden's *Fable of Palamon and Arcite*

PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE. 21

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen.
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their Queen :
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage :
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his suff'rings : all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan,
The tender for another's pain ;
Th' unfeeling for his own.

Lo

Yet,

O®

32

O D E , &c.

Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate ?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.

Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more ; where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.



L O N G



A

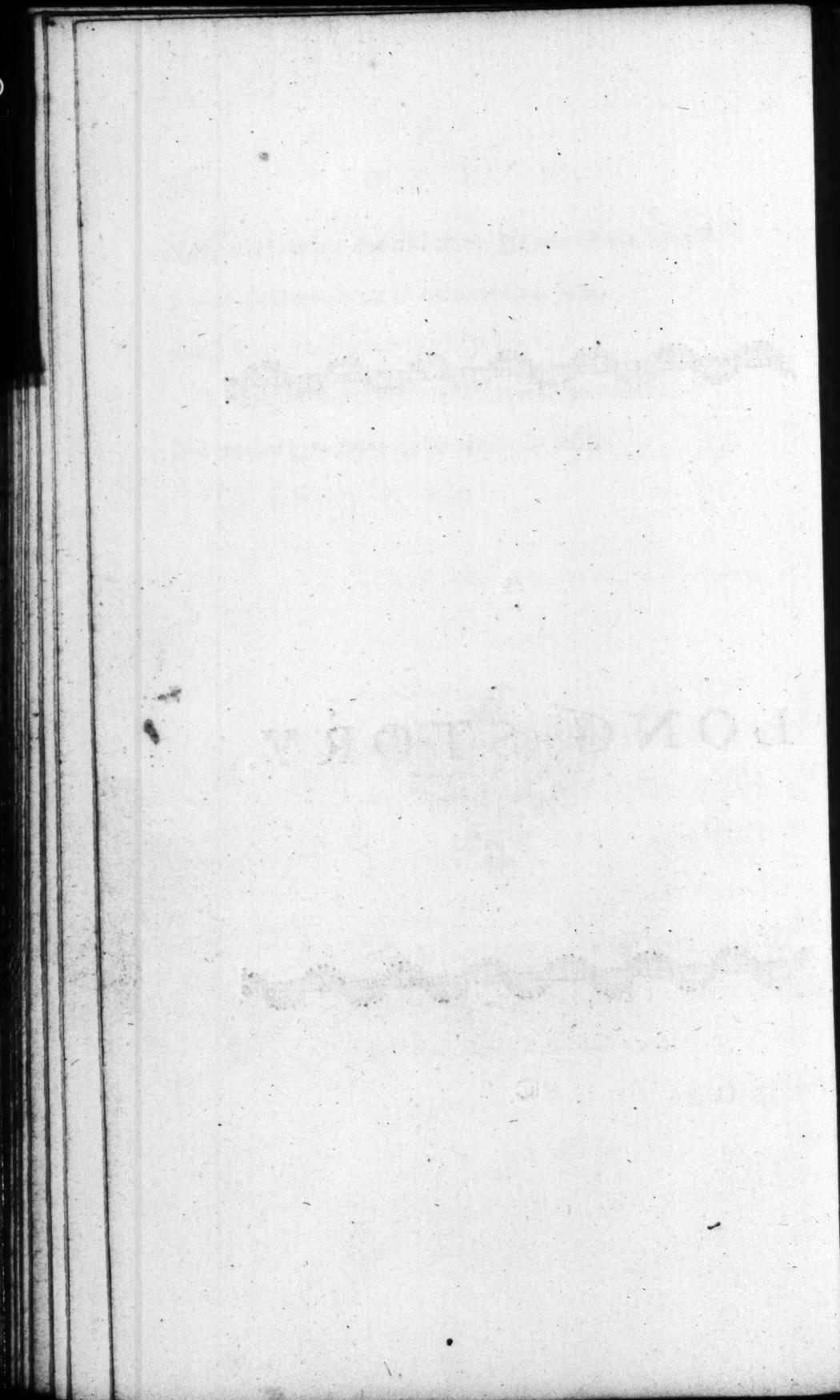
LONG STORY.



C

ONG

D®





A

L O N G S T O R Y.

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

IN BRITAIN's Isle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of building stands :
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employ'd the pow'r of Fairy hands.

To raise the cieling's fretted height,
Each pannel in achievements cloathing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages, that lead to nothing.

Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave * Lord Keeper led the Brawls :
The Seal, and Maces, danc'd before him.

His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
His high-crown'd hat, and fatten doublet,
Mov'd the stout heart of England's Queen,
Tho' Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

What, in the very first beginning !
Shame of the versifying tribe !
Your Hist'ry whither are you spinning ?
Can you do nothing but describe ?

A House

* Hatton, preferred by Queen Elizabeth for his
graceful person and fine dancing.

A House there is (and that's enough)
From whence one fatal morning issues
A brace of Warriors, not in buff,
But rustling in their silks and tissues.

The first came cap-à-pié from France,
Her conqu'ring destiny fulfilling,
Whom meaner Beauties eye askance,
And vainly ape her art of killing.

The other Amazon kind Heaven
Had arm'd with spirit, wit, and satire:
But COBHAM had the polish given,
And tip'd her arrows with good-nature.

To celebrate her eyes, her air—
Coarse panegyricks would but tease her,
Melissa is her Nomme de Guerre.
Alas, who would not wish to please her !

With bonnet blue and capuchine,
And aprons long, they hid their armour,
And veil'd their weapons bright and keen,
In pity to the country farmer.

Fame, in the shape of Mr. P——t,
(By this time all the Parish know it)
Had told, that thereabouts there lurk'd
A wicked Imp they call a Poet,

Who

A L O N G S T O R Y.

39

Who prowld the country far and near,
Bewitch'd the children of the peasants,
Dry'd up the cows, and lam'd the deer,
And fuck'd the eggs, and kill'd the pheasants.

My Lady heard their joint petition,
Swore by her coronet and ermine,
She'd issue out her high commission
To rid the manour of such vermin.

The Heroines undertook the task,
Thro' lanes unknown, o'er stiles they ventur'd,
Rapp'd at the door, nor stay'd to ask,
But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

The trembling family they daunt,
They flirt, they sing, they laugh, they tattle,
Rummage his Mother, pinch his Aunt,
And up stairs in a whirlwind rattle.

Each hole and cupboard they explore,
Each creek and cranny of his chamber,
Run hurry-skurry round the floor,
And o'er the bed and taster clamber,

Into the Draw'rs and China pry,
Papers and books, a huge Imbroglio !
Under a tea-cup he might lie,
Or creas'd, like dogs-ears in a folio.

On

On the first marching of the troops
The Muses, hopeless of his pardon,
Convey'd him underneath their hoops
To a small closet in the garden.

So Rumour says. (Who will, believe)
But that they left the door a-jarr,
Where, safe and laughing in his sleeve,
He heard the distant din of war.

Short was his joy. He little knew,
The power of Magick was no fable.
Out of the window, whisk they flew,
But left a spell upon the table.

The words too eager to unriddle
The poet felt a strange disorder :
Transparent birdlime form'd the middle,
And chains invisible the border.

So cunning was the apparatus,
The powerful pot-hooks did so move him,
That, will he, nill he, to the Great-house
He went as if the Devil drove him.

Yet on his way (no sign of grace,
For folks in fear are apt to pray)
To Phœbus he preferr'd his case,
And beg'd his aid that dreadful day.

The

The God-head would have back'd his quarrel,
But with a blush, on recollection
Own'd, that his quiver and his laurel
'Gainst four such eyes were no protection.

The Court was sate, the Culprit there,
Forth from their gloomy mansions creeping
The Lady *Janes* and *Joans* repair,
And from the gallery stand peeping.

Such as in silence of the night
Come (sweep) along some winding entry
(*Slyack has often seen the sight)
Or at the chapel-door stand sentry.

In

* The HOUSE-KEEPER.

The

In peaked hoods and mantles tarnish'd,
Sour visages, enough to scare ye,
High Dames of honour once, that garnish'd
The drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary !

The Peeres comes : The Audience stare,
And doff their hats with due submission ;
She courtesies, as she takes her chair,
To all the people of condition.

The Bard with many an artful fib,
Had in imagination fenc'd him,
Disprov'd the arguments of * Squib,
And all that † Groom could urge against him.

But

* Groom of the Chambers. † The Steward.

But soon his rhetorick forsook him,
When he the solemn hall had seen ;
A sudden fit of ague shook him,
He stood as mute as poor \ddagger Macleane.

Yet something he was heard to mutter,
“ How in the park beneath an old-tree
“ (Without design to hurt the butter,
“ Or any malice to the poultry,)

“ He once or twice had penn’d a sonnet ;
“ Yet hop’d, that he might save his bacon :
“ Numbers would give their oaths upon it,
“ He ne’er was for a conjurer taken.”

The

\ddagger A famous highwayman hang’d the week before.

The ghostly Prudes with hagged face
Already had condemn'd the sinner.

My Lady rose, and with a grace—
She smil'd, and bid him come to dinner.

“ Jesu-Maria ! Madam Bridget,
“ Why, what can the Viscountess mean
(Cry'd the square Hoods in woeful fidget)
“ The times are alter'd quite and clean !

“ Decorum's turn'd to mere civility ;
“ Her air and all her manners shew it.
“ Condemn'd me to her affability !
“ Speak to a Commoner and Poet !”

[*Here 500 Stanzas are lost.*]

And

A L O N G S T O R Y.

47

And so, God save our noble King,
And guard us from long-winded Lubbers,
That to eternity would sing,
And keep my Lady from her Rubbers.



H Y M N



H Y M N
T O
A D V E R S I T Y.

—Zinna

Τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοὺς ἀφώ-
σαντα, τῷ πάθει μαθῶν
Θέντα κυρίως ἐγχειν.

ÆSCHYLUS, in Agamemnnone.



THE
ADYEN

THE
ADYEN



H Y M N
TO
A D V E R S I T Y.

D AUGHTER of Jove, relentless Pow'r,

Thou Tamer of the human breast,

Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour,

The Bad affright, afflict the Best !

Bound in thy adamantine chain

The Proud are taught to taste of pain,

And

32 HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

And purple Tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy fire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling Child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly Birth,
And bad to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged Nurse ! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore :
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer Friend, the flatt'ring Fee ;

By

HYMN TO ADVERSITY. 53

By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom, in sable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend :
Warm Charity, the gen'ral Friend,
With Justice to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy Suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess, lay thy chaf't'ning hand !
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the venigeful Band
(As by the Impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,

By

With

54 HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh, Goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic Train be there
To soften, not to wound my heart,
The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love, and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are, to feel, and know myself a Man.



THE



THE

PROGRESS of POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

Ανάρτα συνετοῖσιν ἐσ-

Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἐρμηνέων χατίζει.

PINDAR, Olymp. II.



HE



A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

When the Author first published this and the following Ode, he was advised, even by his Friends, to subjoin some few explanatory Notes; but he had too much respect for the understanding of his Readers to take that liberty.



THE
PROGRESS OF POESY,
A PINDARIC ODE.

L. 1.

* **A** WAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling
strings.

From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take :

The

* Awake, up my glory: awake, lute and harp.
David's Psalms.

Pindar styles his own poetry with its musical accompaniments,

Αιολής μολπὴ, Ἀιόλιδες χορδαὶ, Αιολίδων προαι αὐλῶν,

Æolian song.

Æolian strings, the breath of the Æolian flute.

D

58 THE PROGRESS OF POESY,

The laughing flow'rs, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.

Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign :
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour :
The rocks, and nodding groves rebellow to the
roar.

Oh !

The subject and simile, as usual with Pindar, are united. The various sources of poetry, which gives life and lustre to all it touches, are here described ; its quiet majestic progress enriching every subject (otherwise dry and barren) with a pomp of diction and luxuriant harmony of numbers ; and its more rapid and irresistible course, when swoln and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous passions.

A PINDARIC ODE. 59

I. 2.

* Oh ! Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell ! the sullen Cares,

And frantic Passions hear thy soft controul.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War,
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And drop'd his thirsty lance at thy command.

† Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing :
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and light'nings of his eye.

Thee

* Power of harmony to calm the turbulent furies of the soul. The thoughts are borrowed from the first Pythian Ode of Pindar.

† This is a weak imitation of some incomparable lines in the same Ode.

D 2

60 THE PROGRESS OF POESY,

I. 3.

* Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.

O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen

On Cytherea's day,
With antic Sports, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;

Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:

To brisk notes in cadence beating
† Glance their many-twinkling feet.

Slow melting strains their Queen's approach de-
clare :

Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay.
With arms sublime, that float upon the air.

In gliding state she wins her easy way :

O'er

* Power of harmony to produce all the graces
of motion in the body.

† Μαρμαρύς θεῖτο ποδῶν· Γαύματε δὲ θυμῷ.

Homer. Od. Θ.

O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move

* The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of
Love.

II. 1

+ Man's feeble race what Ills await,
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my Song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he giv'n in vain the heav'nly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,

Her

* Λάμπῃ δ' ἐπὶ πορφυρόντι

Παρείστη φῶς ἔρωτος. *Phrynicus, apud Athenaeum.*

+ To compensate the real and imaginary ills of life, the Muse was given to Mankind by the same Providence that sends the Day by its cheerful presence to dispel the gloom and terrors of the Night.

D 3

62 THE PROGRESS OF POESY,

Her Spectres wan, and Birds of boding cry,

He gives to range the dreary sky :

* Till down the eastern cliffs afar

Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of
war.

II. 2.

+ In climes beyond the solar \ddagger road,

Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains
roam,

The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom
To cheer the shiv'ring Native's dull abode.

And

* Or seen the Morning's well-appointed Star
Come marching up the eastern hills afar.

Cowley.

+ Extensive influence of poetic Genius over
the remotest and most uncivilized nations : its
connection with liberty, and the virtues that na-
turally attend on it. [See the Erse, Norwegian,
and Welch Fragments, the Lapland and American
songs.]

\ddagger " Extra anni solisque vias—" Virgil.
Tutta lontana dal camin del sole."

Petrarch, Canzon 2.

A PINDARIC ODE. 63

And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage Youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctured Chiefs, and dusky Loves.
Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy
flame.

II. 3.

* Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Egæan deep,

Fields,

* Progress of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surrey and Sir Tho. Wyatt had travelled in Italy, and formed their taste there; Spenser imitated the Italian writers; Milton improved on them: but this School expired soon after the Restoration, and a new one arose on the French model, which has subsisted ever since.

64 THE PROGRESS OF POESY,

Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering Lab'rinths creep,
How do your tuneful Echos languish,
Mute, but to the voice of Anguish ?
Where each old poetic Mountain
Inspiration breath'd around :
Ev'ry shade and hallow'd Fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound :
Till the sad Nine in Greece's evil hour
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Pow'r,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, oh Albion ! next thy sea-encircled
coast.

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's * Darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To Him the mighty Mother did unveil

Her

* Shakespeare.

Her aweful face : The dauntless Child
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.
 This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
 Richly paint the vernal year :
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy !
 This can unlock the gates of Joy ;
 Of Horrour that, and thrilling Fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

III. 2.

Nor second He *, that rode sublime
 Upon the seraph-wings of Extasy,
 The secrets of th' Abyss to spy.
 † He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and
 Time :
 ‡ The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze,
 Where Angels tremble, while they gaze,

He

* Milton.

† "—flammantia moenia mundi." *Lucretius.*‡ For the spirit of the living creature was in the
 wheels—And above the firmament, that was over

66 THE PROGRESS OF POESY,

He saw ; but blasted with excess of light,

* Closed his eyes in endless night.

Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,

Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear

† Two Coursers of ethereal race,

‡ With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long-re-
ounding pace.

Hark,

their heads, was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire-stone.—This was the appearance of the glory of the Lord.

Ezekiel i. 20, 26, 28.

* Ὀφθαλμῶν μὲν ἀμερτεῖ δόδυν δὲ ἡδὺν αἰσθάνη.

Homer. Od.

† Meant to express the stately march and sounding energy of Dryden's rhimes.

‡ Hast thou cloathed his neck with thunder ?

Job.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!

Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering o'er

Scatters from her pictur'd urn

* Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.

+ But ah ! 'tis heard no more —

Oh ! Lyre divine, what daring Spirit

Wakes thee now ? tho' he inherit

Not

* Words that weep, and tears that speak.

Cowley.

+ We have had in our language no other odes of the sublime kind, than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's day : for Cowley (who had his merit) yet wanted judgment, style, and harmony, for such a task. That of Pope is not worthy of so great a man. Mr. Mason indeed of late days has touched the true chords, and with a masterly hand, in some of his Choruses—above all, in the last of Caractacus,

Hark ! heard ye not yon footstep dread ? &c.

68 THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
* That the Theban Eagle bear
Sailing with supreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air :
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms, as glitter in the Muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the Sun :
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far — but far above the
Great.

THE

* Διδες προς ὄρνιχας θεον. Olymp. 2. Pindar compares himself to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamour in vain below, while it pursues its flight, regardless of their noise.

oooooooooooooooooooo

THE

BARD,

A PINDARIC ODE.

oooooooooooooooooooo



A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

The following ODE is founded on a Tradition current in *Wales*, that *Edward THE FIRST*, when he compleated the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards, that fell into his hands, to be put to death.





THE
B A R D,
A PINDARIC ODE.



I. 1.

“ R UIN seize thee, ruthless King !
“ Confusion on thy banners wait,
“ Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing
“ * They mock the air with idle state.

“ Helm

* Mocking the air with colours idly spread.

Shakespeare's King John.

" Helm, nor * Hauberk's twisted mail,
 " Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
 " To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 " From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"
 Such were the sounds, that o'er the † crested pride
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
 As down the steep of ‡ Snowdon's shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.

Stout

* The Hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail, that fitted close to the body, and adapted itself to every motion.

† — The crested adder's pride.

Dryden's Indian Queen.

‡ Snowdon was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract, which the Welch themselves call *Craigian-eryri*: it included all the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far east as the river Conway. R. Hygden, speaking of the castle of Conway built by King Edward I. says, "Ad ortum amnis Conway ad clivum montis " Erery;" and Matthew of Westminster, (ad ann. 1283,) "Apud Aberconway ad pedes montis " Snowdoniae fecit erigi castrum forte."

A PINDARIC ODE.

73

Stout * Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance :
To arms ! cried † Mortimer, and couch'd his
quiv'ring lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood ;
(‡Loose his beard, and hoary hair
§ Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)

" And

* Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law to K. Edward.

+ Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore.

They both were *Lords-Marchers*, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the King in this expedition.

† The image was taken from a well-known picture of Raphaël, representing the Supreme Being in the vision of Ezekiel : there are two of these paintings (both believed original) one at Florence, the other at Paris.

§ Shone, like a meteor, streaming to the wind.
Milton's Paradise Lost.

And with a Master's hand, and Prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

" Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,

" Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath !

" O'er thee, oh King ! their hundred arms they
wave,

" Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe ;

" Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,

" To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's
lay.

I. 3.

" Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,

" That hush'd the stormy main :

" Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :

" Mountains, ye mourn in vain

" Modred, whose magic song

" Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd
head,

" On

" * On dreary Arven's shore they lie,
" Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale :
" Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail ;
" The famish'd + Eagle screams, and passes by.
" Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
" † Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
" † Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
" Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—

" No

* The shores of Caernarvonshire opposite to the
isle of Anglesey.

+ Cambden and others observe, that eagles used
annually to build their aerie among the rocks of
Snowdon, which from thence (as some think) were
named the Welch *Craigian-eryri*, or the crags of
the eagles. At this day (I am told) the highest
point of Snowdon is called *the eagle's nest*. That
bird is certainly no stranger to this island, as the
Scots, and the people of Cumberland, Westmore-
land, &c. can testify : it even has built its nest in
the Peak of Derbyshire. [See Willoughby's
Ornithol. published by Ray.]

† As dear to me as are the ruddy drops,
That visit my sad heart—

Shakes. Jul. Caesar.

" No more I weep. They do not sleep.
 " On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
 " I see them sit, they linger yet,
 " Avengers of their native land :
 " With me in dreadful harmony * they join,
 " And * weave with bloody hands the tissue of
 thy line."

II. 1.

" Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
 " The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
 " Give ample room, and verge enough
 " The characters of hell to trace.
 " Mark the year, and mark the night,
 " + When Severn shall re-echo with affright

The

* See the Norwegian Ode, that follows.

+ Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in Berkley-Castle.

“ The shrieks of death, thro’ Berkley’s roofs that ring,
“ Shrieks of an agonizing King !
“ * She-Wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
“ That tear’d the bowels of thy mangled Mate,
“ † From thee be born, who o’er thy country hangs
“ The scourge of Heav’n. What Terrors round him wait !
“ Amazement in his van, with Flight combin’d.
“ And sorrow’s faded form, and solitude behind.

II. 2.

“ Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
“ ‡ Low on his funeral couch he lies !
“ No pitying heart, no eye, afford
“ A tear to grace his obsequies.

“ Is

* Isabel of France, Edward the Second’s adulterous Queen.

+ Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.

‡ Death of that King, abandoned by his Children, and even robbed in his last moments by his Courtiers and his Mistress.

“ Is the fable * Warrior fled ?

“ Thy son is gone. He rests among the Dead.

“ The Swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were
born ?

“ Gone to salute the rising Morn.

“ Fair + laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr
blows,

“ While proudly riding o'er the azure realm

“ In gallant trim the gilded Vessel goes ;

“ Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm ;

“ Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,

“ That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his even-
ing-prey.

II.

* Edward, the Black Prince, dead some time
before his Father.

+ Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign.
See Froissard and other contemporary Writers.

II. 3.

" * Fill high the sparkling bowl,
" The rich repast prepare,
" Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast;
" Close by the regal Chair
" Fell-Thirst and Famine scowl
" A baleful smile upon their baffled Guest,
" Heard ye the din of † battle bray,
" Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
" Long years of havock urge their destin'd course,
" And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their
way.

" Yo

* Richard the Second, (as we are told by Archbishop Scroop and the confederate Lords in their manifesto, by Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older Writers) was starved to death. The story of his assassination by Sir Piers of Exon, is of much later date.

† Ruinous wars of York and Lancaster.

“ Ye Tow’rs of Julius*, London’s lasting shame,
 “ With many a foul and midnight murther fed,
 “ Revere his † Consort’s faith, his Father’s ‡ fame,
 “ And spare the meek || Usurper’s holy head.
 “ Above, below, the § rose of snow,
 “ Twin’d with her blushing foe, we spread :
 “ The bristled ¶ Boar, in infant gore,
 “ Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
“ Now,

* Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar.

† Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her Husband and her Crown.

‡ Henry the Fifth.

|| Henry the Sixth very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the Crown.

§ The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster.

¶ The silver Boar was the badge of Richard the Third ; whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of *the Boar*.

" Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,
" Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his
doom.

III. 1.

" Edward, lo ! to sudden fate
" (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun)
" * Half of thy heart we consecrate.
" (The web is wove. The work is done.)"
" Stay, oh stay ! nor thus forlorn
" Leave me unbless'd, unpitied, here to mourn :
" In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
" They melt, they vanish from my eyes.

" But,

* Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her Lord is well known. The monuments of his regret, and sorrow for the loss of her, are still to be seen at Northampton, Geddington, Waltham, and other places.

" But, oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
" Descending flow their glitt'ring skirts unroll?
" Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
" Ye unborn Ages, crowd not on my soul!
" No more our long-lost * Arthur we bewail.
" All-hail, + ye genuine Kings, Britannia's Issue hail!

III. 2.

" Girt with many a Baron bold,
" Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
" And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old
" In bearded majesty, appear.

" In

* It was the common belief of the Welsh nation, that King Arthur was still alive in Fairy-land, and should return again to reign over Britain.

+ Both Merlin and Talieffin had prophesied, that the Welch should regain their sovereignty over this island; which seemed to be accomplished in the House of Tudor.

“ In the midst a Form divine !
“ Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line ;
“ Her lyon-port*, her awe-commanding face,
“ Attemper’d sweet to virgin-grace.
“ What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
“ What strains of vocal transport round her play !
“ Hear from the grave, great Talieffint, hear ;
“ They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
“ Bright rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
“ Waves in the eye of Heav’n her many-colour’d
wings.

The

* Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, Ambassadour of Poland, says, “ And thus she, lion-like rising, “ daunted the malapert Orator no less with her “ stately port and majestical deporture, than with “ the tartnesse of her princelie checkes.”

+ Talieffin, Chief of the Bards, flourished in the VIth Century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his Countrymen.

E 2

III. 3.

“ The verse adorn again
“ * Fierce War, and faithful Love,
“ And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dreſt.
“ In † buskin’d measures move
“ Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
“ With Horrour, Tyrant of the throbbing breast.
“ A ‡ Voice, as of the Cherub-Choir,
“ Gales from blooming Eden bear;
“ || And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
“ That lost in long futurity expire.

“ Fond,

* Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize
my song.

Spenser's Proême to the Fairy Queen.

† Shakespeare.

‡ Milton.

|| The succession of Poets after Milton's time.

" Fond, impious Man, think'st thou, yon sanguine cloud,

" Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the Orb of day ?

" To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,

" And warms the nations with redoubled ray.

" Enough for me : With joy I see

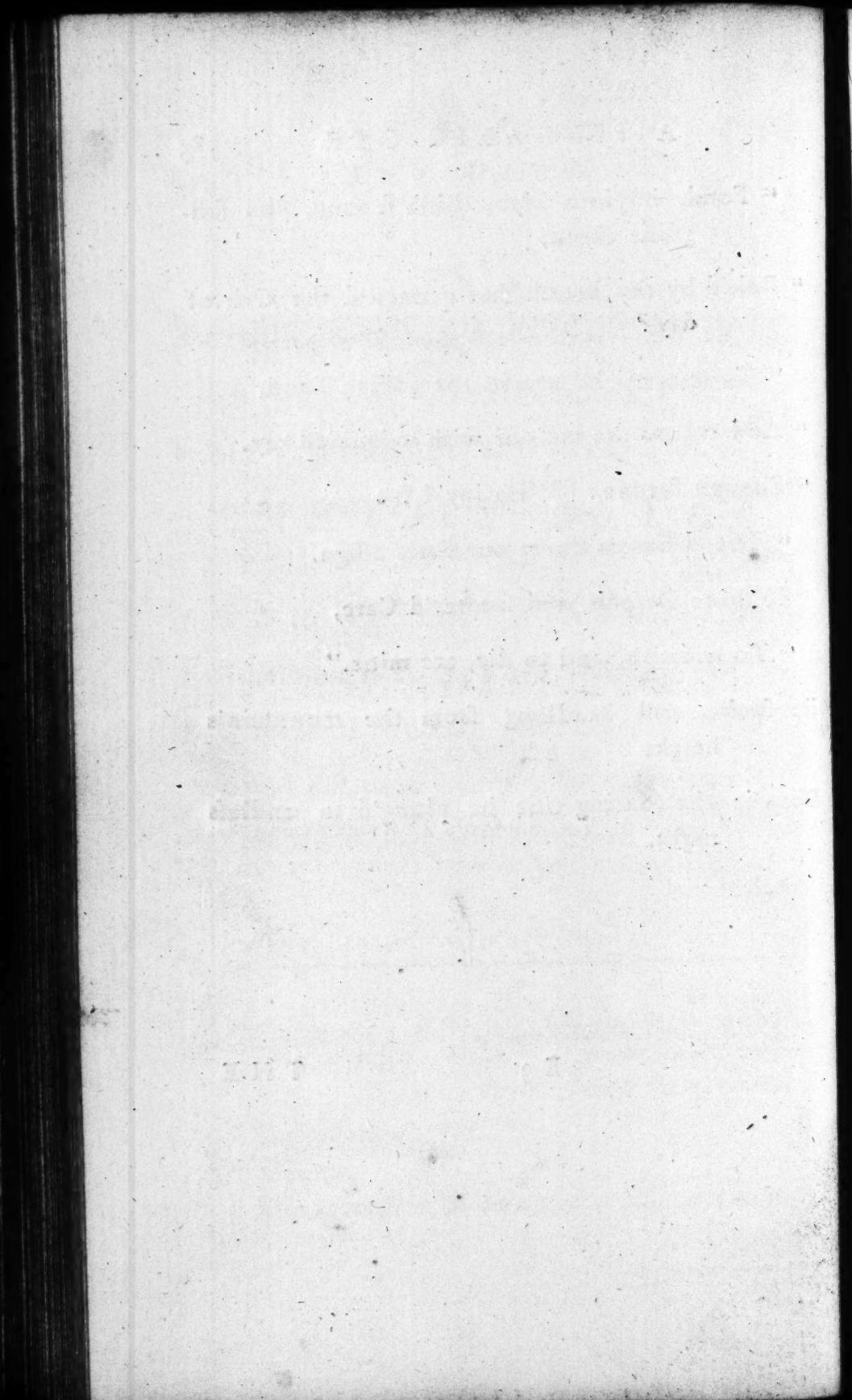
" The different doom our Fates assign.

" Be thine Despair, and scepter'd Care,

" To triumph, and to die, are mine."

He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height

Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night.





THE
FATAL SISTERS.
A N O D E.

[From the NORSE-TONGUE,]

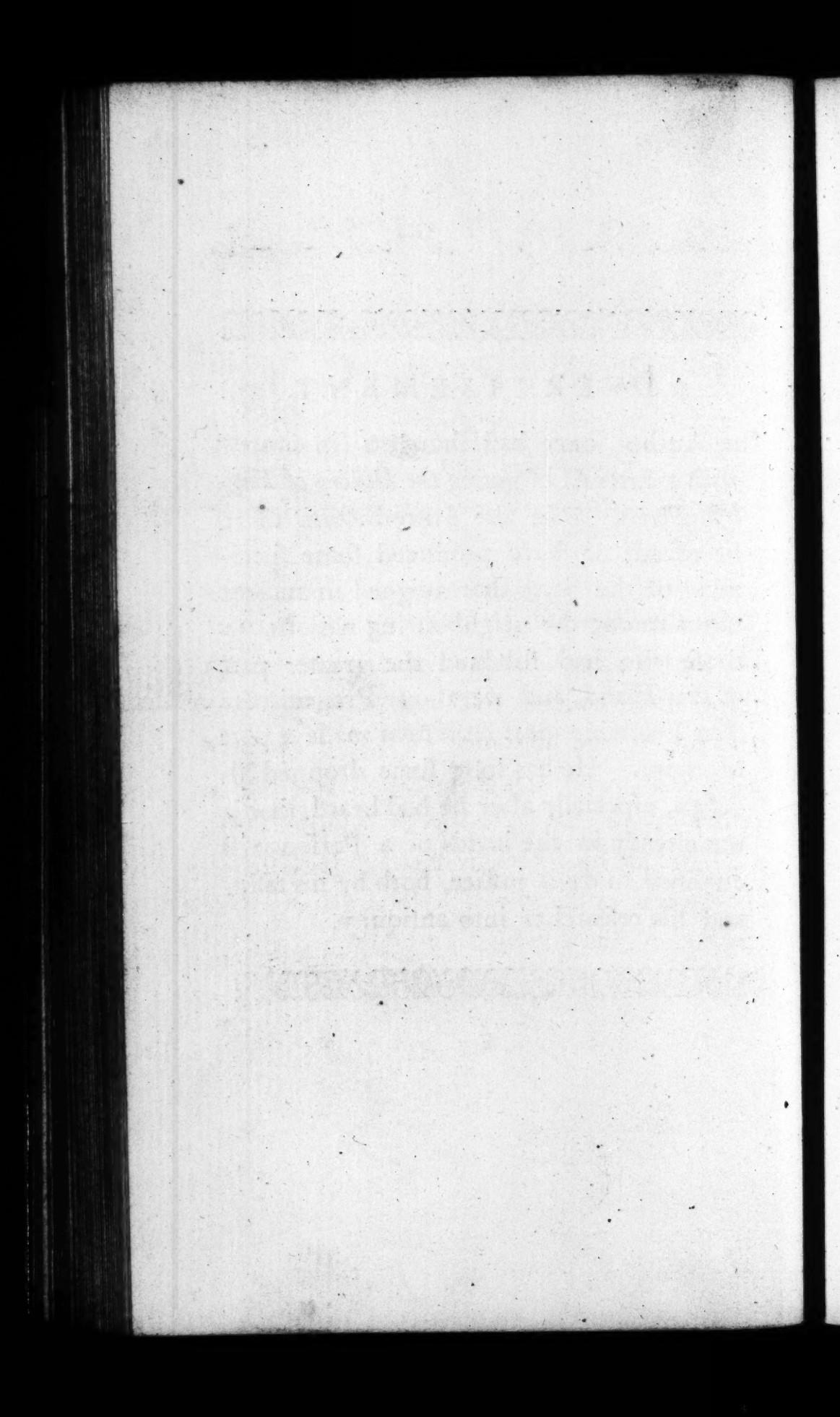
IN THE
ORCADES of THORMODUS TORFÆUS; HAFNIAE,
1697, Folio: and also in BARTHOLINUS.

VITT ER ORPIT PYRIR VALFALLI, &c.

1781
1782
1783

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

The Author once had thoughts (in concert with a Friend) of giving *the History of English Poetry*: In the Introduction to it, he meant to have produced some specimens of the Style that reigned in ancient times among the neighbouring nations, or those who had subdued the greater part of this Island, and were our Progenitors: The following *three Imitations* made a part of them. He has long since dropped his design, especially after he had heard, that it was already in the hands of a Person well qualified to do it justice, both by his taste, and his researches into antiquity.





P R E F A C E.

++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ +

IN the Eleventh Century *Sigurd*, Earl of the Orkney-Islands, went with a fleet of ships and a considerable body of troops into Ireland, to the assistance of *Sictryg with the filken beard*, who was then making war on his father-in-law *Brian*, King of Dublin: the Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and *Sictryg* was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loss by the death of *Brian*, their King, who fell in the action.

On

P R E F A C E.

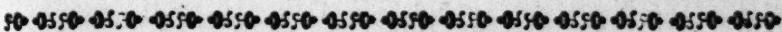
On Christmas-day, (the day of the battle) a Native of *Caithness* in Scotland saw at a distance a number of persons on horseback riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiosity led him to follow them, till looking through an opening in the rocks, he saw twelve gigantic figures resembling women: they were all employed about a loom; and as they wove they sung the following dreadful Song; which when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) galloped Six to the North and as many to the South.



T H E



T H E
F A T A L S I S T E R S.
A N O D E.



NO W the storm begins to low'r,
(Haste, the loom of Hell prepare,) Glitt'ring

* Iron-fleet of arrowy show'r

+ Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Note—The *Valkyriur* were female Divinities, Servants of *Odin* (or *Woden*) in the Gothic mythology. Their names signifies *Chusers of the slain*. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands; and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to *Valkalla*, the hall of *Odin*, or paradise of the Brave; where they attended the banquet, and served the departed Heroes with horns of mead and ale.

* How quick they wheel'd; and flying, behind them shot

Sharp fleet of arrowy shower —

Milton's Parad. Regain'd.

+ The noise of battle hurtled in the air.

Shakesp. Jul. Cæsar.

94 THE FATAL SISTERS.

Glitt'ring lances are the loom,
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a Soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the grilly texture grow,
('Tis of human entrails made,)
And the weights, that play below,
Each a gasping Warriour's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along.
Sword, that once a Monarch bore,
Keeps the tissue close and strong.

Mista black, terrific Maid,
Sangrida, and *Hilda* see,
Join the wayward work to aid :
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring,

(Weave the crimson web of war)

Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our Friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
Wading thro' th' ensanguin'd field :
Condula, and Geira, spread
O'er the youthful King your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to spare :
Spite of danger, he shall live,
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

96 THE FATAL SISTERS,

They, whom once the desert-beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless Earl is laid,
Gor'd with many a gaping wound ;
Fate demands a nobler head ;
Soon a King shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin weep,
Ne'er again his likeness see ;
Long her strains in sorrow steep,
Strains of Immortality !

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun.
Sisters, weave the web of death ;
Sisters, cease, the work is done.

Hail

Hail the task, and hail the hands !

Songs of joy and triumph sing !

Joy to the victorious bands ;

Triumph to the younger King.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,

Learn the tenour of our song.

Scotland, thro' each winding vale

Far and wide the notes prolong.

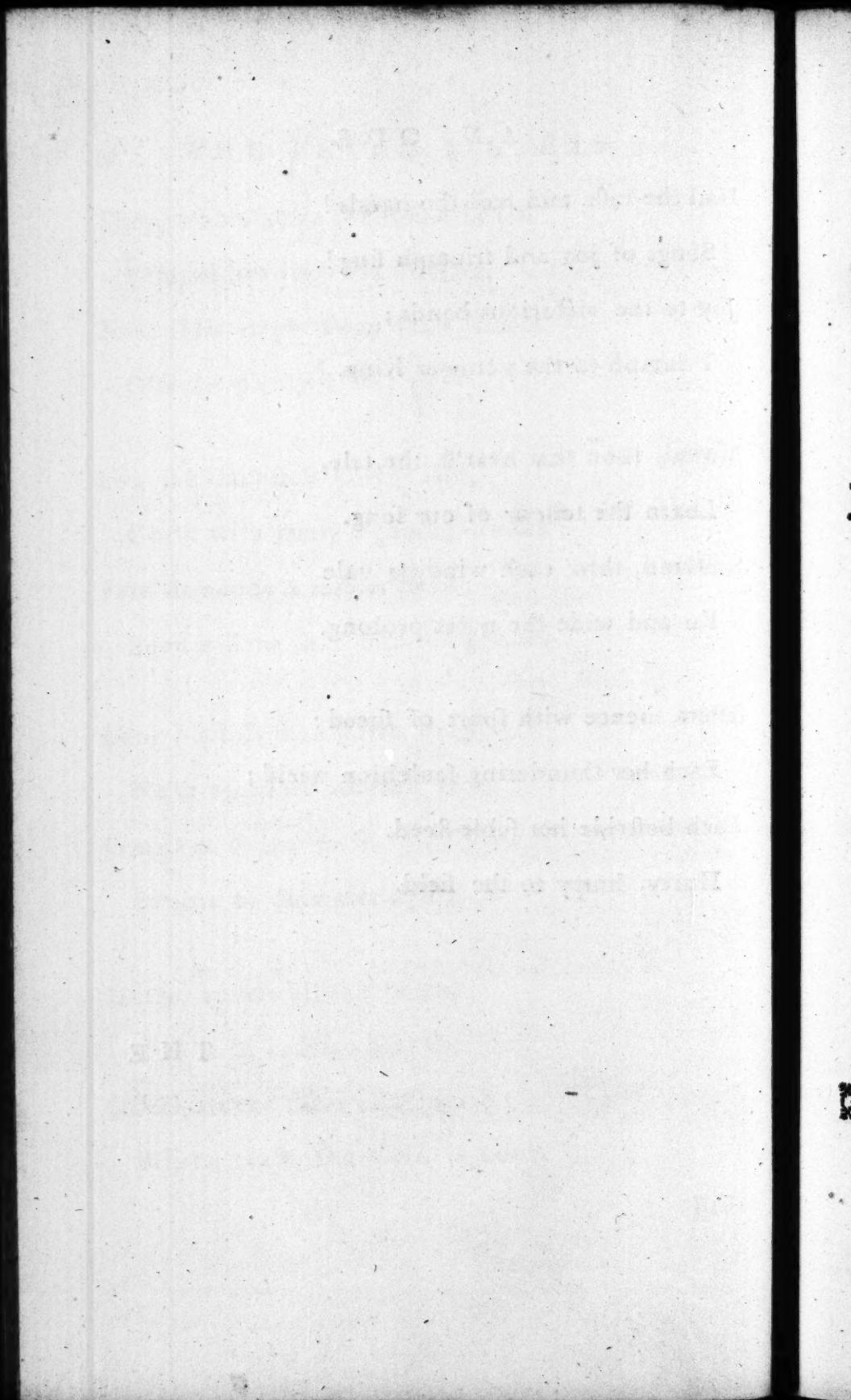
Sisters, hence with spurs of speed :

Each her thundering faulchion wield ;

Each bestride her fable steed.

Hurry, hurry to the field.

T H E





THE
DESCENT OF ODIN.
A N D E,

(From the Norse - Tongue)

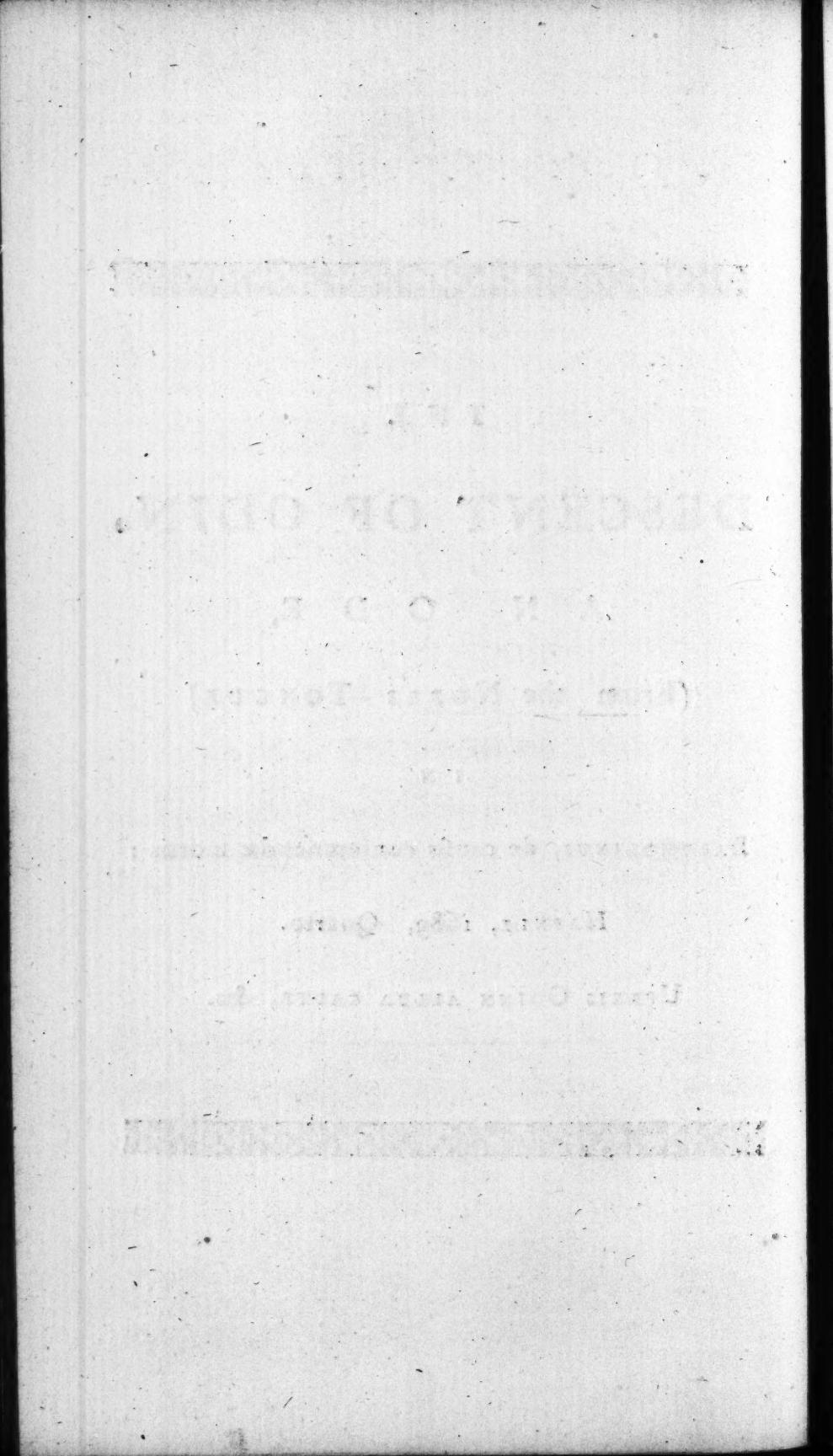
I N

BARTHOLINUS, de causis contemnendæ mortis;

HAFNIAE, 1689, Quarto.

UPREIS ODINN ALLDA GAUTR, &c.







THE

DESCENT OF ODIN.

A N O D E.



UPROSE the King of Men with speed,
And saddled strait his coal-black steed ;
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to * H_ELA's drear abode.

Him

* *Niflheimr*, the hell of the Gothic nations, consisted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old age, or by any other means than in battle : Over it presided H_ELA, the Goddess of Death.

102 THE DESCENT OF ODIN,

Him the Dog of Darkness spy'd,
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd :
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin ;
And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
The Father of the powerful spell.
Onward still his way he takes,
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes)
Till full before his fearless eyes
The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he sate ;
Where long of yore to sleep was laid
The dust of the prophetic Maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he trac'd the runic rhyme ;

Thrice

Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,

The thrilling verse that wakes the Dead;

Till from out the hollow ground

Slowly breath'd a sullen sound.

Pr. What call unknown, what charms presume
To break the quiet of the tomb?
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on these mould'ring bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me sleep again.
Who is he, with voice unblest,
That calls me from the bed of rest?

O. A Traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a Warriour's Son.

Thou

104 THE DESCENT OF ODIN,

Thou the deeds of light shalt know ;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glitt'ring board is spread,
Drest for whom yon golden bed ?

PR. Mantling in the goblet see

The pure bev'rage of the bee,
O'er it hangs the shield of gold ;
'Tis the drink of *Balder* bold :
Balder's head to death is giv'n.

Pain can reach the Sons of Heav'n !

Unwilling I my lips unclose :
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Once again my call obey.

Prophetess, arise, and say,
What dangers *Odin's* Child await,
Who the Author of his fate ?

PR.

PR. In *Hoder's* hand the Heroe's doom :

His Brother sends him to the tomb.

Now my weary lips I close :

Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Prophets, my spell obey,

Once again arise, and say,

Who th' Avenger of his guilt,

By whom shall *Hoder's* blood be spilt.

PR. In the caverns of the west,

By *Odin's* fierce embrace comprest,

A wond'rous Boy shall *Rinda* bear,

Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,

Nor wash his visage in the stream,

Nor see the sun's departing beam ;

Till he on *Hoder's* corse shall smile,

Flaming on the fun'ral pile.

106 THE DESCENT OF ODIN,

Now my weary lips I close :
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Yet a while my call obey.
Prophetess, awake, and say,
What Virgins these, in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils, that float in air.
Tell me, whence their sorrows rose :
Then I leave thee to repose.

Pr. Ha! no Traveller art thou,
King of Men, I know thee now,
Mightiest of a mighty line—

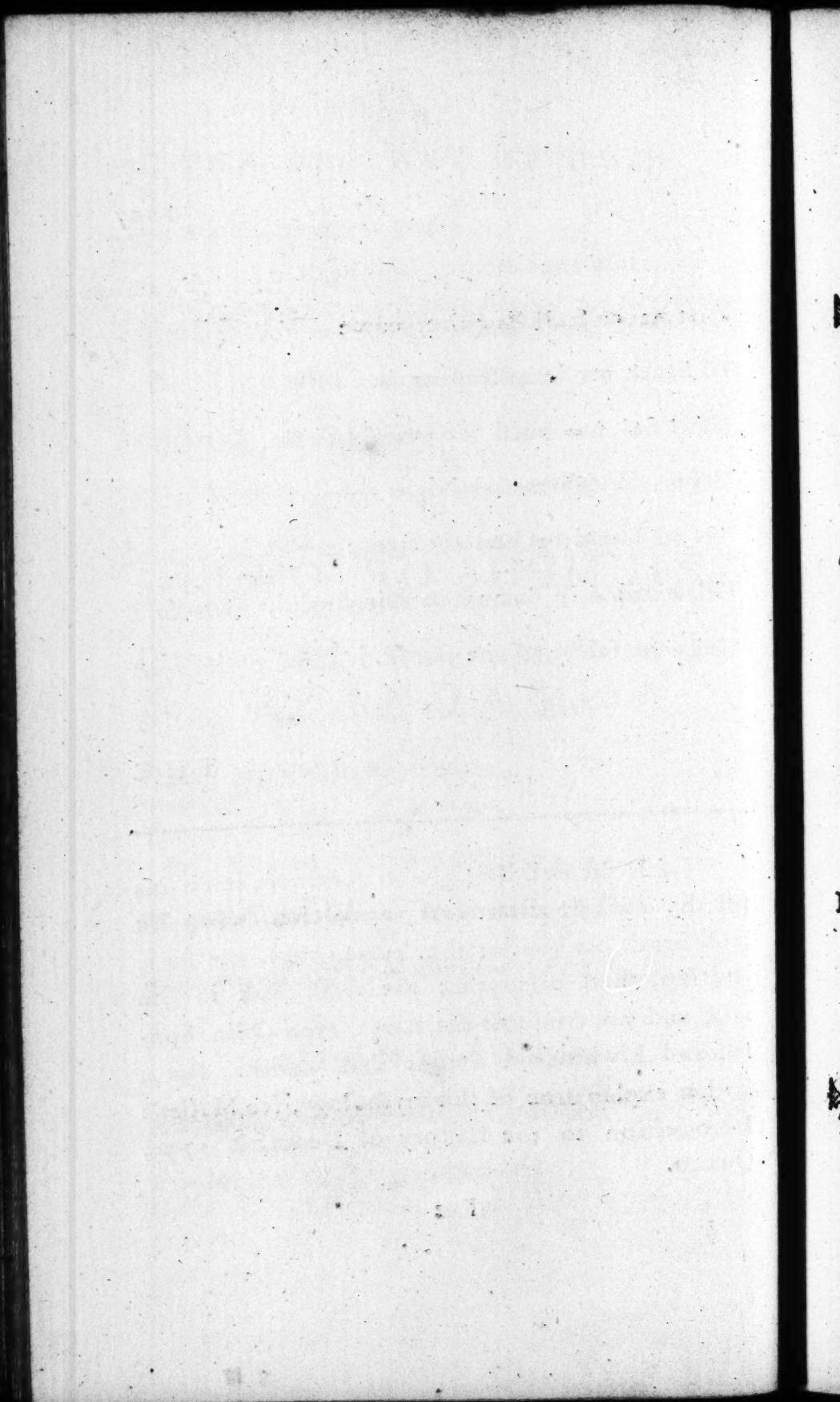
O. No boding Maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor Prophetess of good!
But Mother of the giant-brood!

Pr.

Pr. Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
That never shall Enquirer come
To break my iron-sleep again :
Till * *Lok* has burst his tenfold chain.
Never, till substantial Night
Has reassum'd her ancient right ;
Till wrapp'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

THE

* *Lok* is the evil Being, who continues in chains till the *Twilight of the Gods* approaches, when he shall break his bonds ; the human race, the stars, and sun, shall disappear ; the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies : even Odin himself and his kindred deities shall perish. For a farther explanation of this mythology, see Mallet's Introduction to the History of Denmark, 1755, Quarto.





THE
TRIUMPHS OF OWEN,
A FRAGMENT.

FROM

Mr. EVANS's Specimens of the Welch Poetry ;
LONDON, 1764, Quarto.

OWEN succeeded his Father GRIFFIN in
the PRINCIPALITY of North-Wales,
A. D. 1120. This battle was fought
near forty Years afterwards.



THE
TRIUMPHS OF OWEN,
A FRAGMENT.

O WEN's praise demands my song,
OWEN swift, and OWEN strong ;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
* Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem,
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours ;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.

Big

* North-Wales.

112 THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN,

Big with hofts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding,
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow, long and gay,
* Lochlin plows the watry way;
There the Norman fails afar,
Catch the winds, and join the war:
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
† The Dragon-Son of Mona stands;
In glitt'ring arms and glory drest,
High he rears his ruby crest.
There the thund'ring strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din;

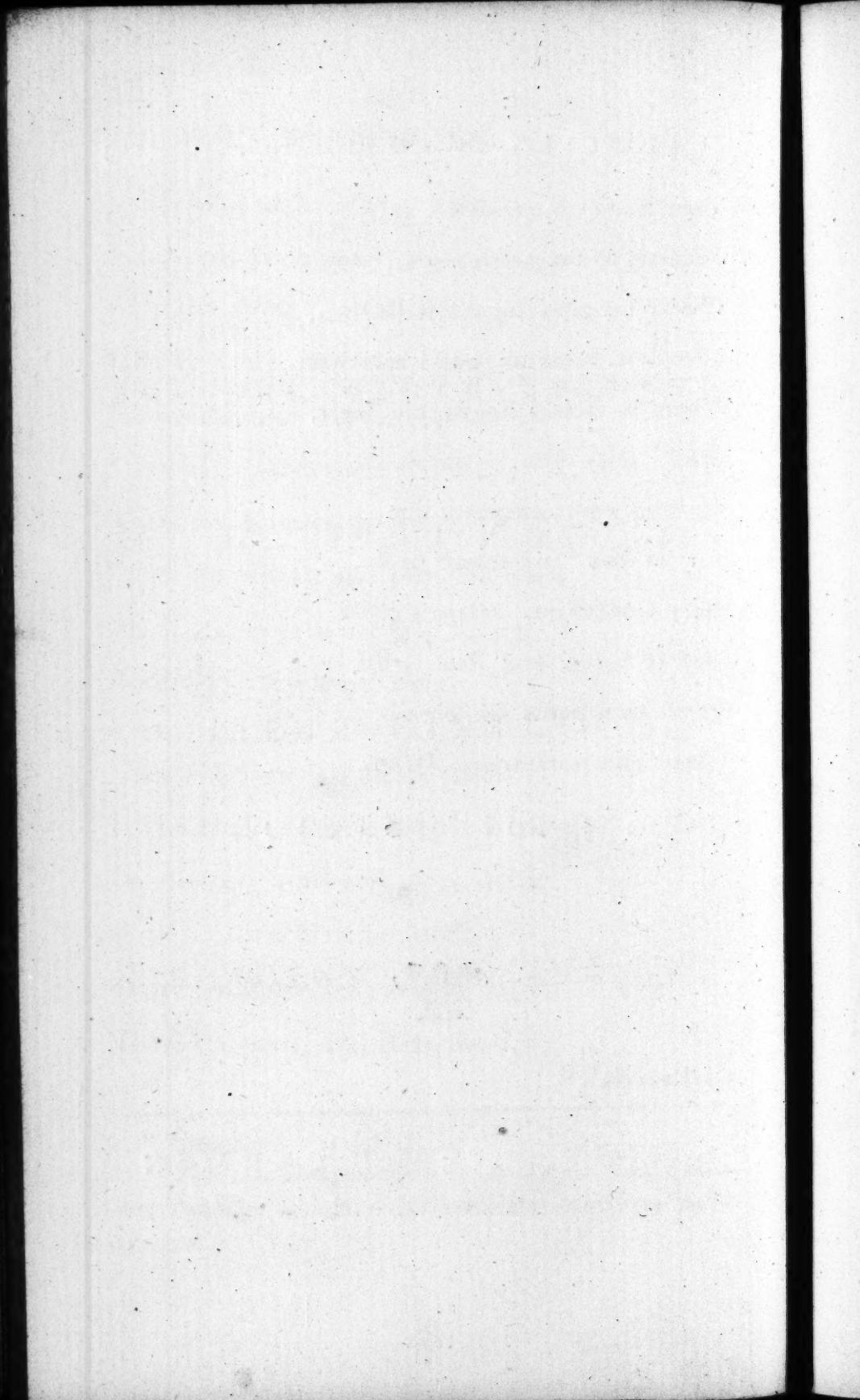
Talymalfra's

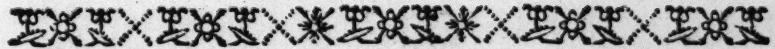
* Denmark.

† The red Dragon is the device of Cadwallader, which all his descendants bore on their banners.

Talymalhra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thousand Banners round him burn.
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty Rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop, and shame to fly.
There Confusion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Despair and honourable Death.







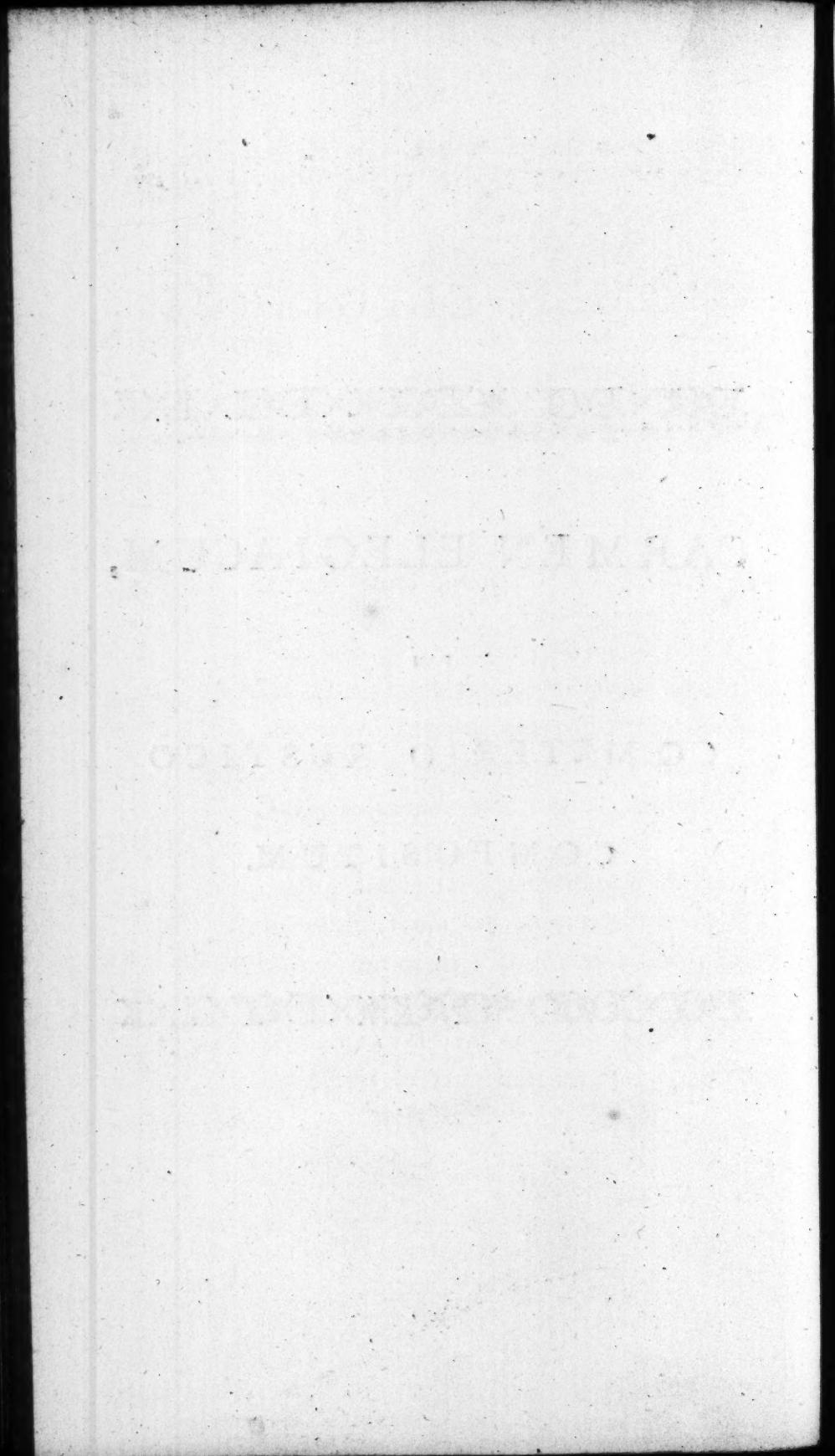
CARMEN ELEGIACUM,

I N

CÆMETERIO RUSTICO

COMPOSITUM.







CARMEN ELEGIACUM.



1.

AUDISTIN! quām lenta sonans campana
per agros,
Ærato occiduam nuntiat ore diem.
Armenta impellunt crebris mugitibus auras,
Lassatusque domum rusticus urget iter.
Solus ego in tenebris moror, & vestigia solus
Compono tacitā nocte, vācoque mihi.

2.

Omnia pallescunt jam decadentia visu,
Et terra & cœlum, qua patet, omne filet.
Cuncta silent, nisi musca suam sub vespere sero
Raucisonans pigrām qua rotat orbe fugam ;
Cuncta silent, nisi qua faciles campanula somnos
Allicit, & lento murmure mulcet oves.

Quāque

118 CARMEN ELEGIACUM.

3.

Quaque hedera antiquas sociâ complectitur umbrâ
Turres feralis lugubre cantat avis ;
Et strepit ad lunam, si quis sub nocte vagetur
Imperium violans, Cynthia Diva, tuum.

4.

Has propter veteres ulmos, taxique sub umbrâ
Qua putris multo cespite turget humus,
Dormit, in æternum dormit gens prisca colonum,
Quisque suâ angustâ conditus usque domo.

5.

Hos nec mane novum, Zephyrique fragrantior aura,
Nec gallus vigili qui vocat ore diem,
Nec circumvolitans quæ stridula garrit hirundo
Stramineumque altâ sub trabe figit opus,
Undique nec cornu vox ingeminata sonantis
Æterno elicient hos, repetentque toro.

6.

Amplius his nunquam conjux bene fida marito
Ingeret ardentî grandia ligna foco ;
Nec redditum expectans domini sub vespere sero
Excoquet agrestes officiosa dapes ;
Nec curret raptim genitoris ad oscula proles,
Nec reducem agnoscens æmula turba patrem.

Quam

7.

Quam sæpe Hi rastris glebam fregere feracem !

Sæpe horum cecidit false resecta seges.

Quam læti egerunt stridentia plaustra per agros,

Et stimulis tardos increpuebo boves !

Horum sylva vetus quam concidit icta bipenni,

Quaque ruit latè vi tremefecit humum !

8.

Ne tamen Ambitio risu male læta maligno

Sortemve, aut lufus, aut rude temnat opus !

Nec fronte excipiat ventosa Superbia torvâ

Pauperis annales, historiasque breves.

9.

Et generis jactatus honos, dominatio regum,

Quicquid opes, quicquid forma dedere boni,

Supremam simul hanc expectant omnia noctem :

Scilicet ad lethum ducit honoris iter.

10.

Nolite hos humiles culpæ insimulare, Superbi,

Quod domini ostendant nulla trophæa decus,

Quà canit amissum longo ordine turba patronum,

Clarosque ingeminant claustra profunda sonos.

An

11.

An vanis inscripta notis angustior urna
 Phidiacumve loquens nobile marmor opus,
 An revocent animam fatali a sede fugacem?
 Detque iterum vitâ posse priore frui?
 Posset adulantum sermo penetrare sepulchrum?
 Evocet aut manes laus et inanis honor?

12.

Forsan in hoc, olim divino semine prægnans
 Ingenii, hoc aliquis cespite dormit adhuc.
 Neglecto hoc forsan jaceat sub cespite, sceptræ
 Cujus tractârint imperiosa manus.
 Vel quales ipso forsan vel Apolline dignæ
 Pulsârint docto pollice fila lyræ.

13.

Doctrinæ horum oculis antiqua volumina priscaæ
 Nunquam divitias explicuere suas.
 Horum autem ingenium torpescere fecit egestas
 Aspera, et angustæ fors inimica domi.

14.

Multa sub oceano pellucida gemma latescit,
 Et rudis ignotum fert et inane decus.
 Plurima neglectos fragrans rosa pandit odores,
 Ponit et occiduo pendula sole caput.

Æmulus

15.

Æmulus Hampdeni hic aliquis requiescat agrestis
 Quem patriæ indignans extimulavit amor;
 Ausus hic exiguo est villæ oppugnare tyranno,
 Afferere et forti jura paterna manu.
 Aut mutus forsan, fatoque inglorius, alter
 Hac vel Miltono par requiescat humo.
 Dormiat autem aliquis Cromuelli hic æmulus audax
 Qui patriam poterit vel jugulasse suam.

16.

Eloquio arrectum prompto mulcere senatum,
 Exilii immoto pectori ferre minas,
 Divitias largâ in patriam diffundere dextrâ,
 Historiam ex populi colligere ore suam.

17.

Illorum vetuit fors improba,— nec tamen arcto
 Tantum ad virtutem limite clausit iter,
 Verum etiam & vitia ulterius transire vetabat,
 Nec dedit his magnum posse patrare scelus.
 Hos vetuit temere per stragem invadere regnum,
 Excipere et surdâ supplicis aure preces.

Sentire

18.

Sentire ingenium nec dedidicere ruborem,
 Conscia suffusus quo notat ora pudor.
 Luxuriâ hi nunquam fese immerfere superbâ,
 Nec musæ his laudes prostituere suas.

19.

At placidè illorum, procul a certamine turbæ
 Spectabant propriam fobria vota domum ;
 Quisque sibi vivens, et sponte inglorius exul,
 Dum tacito elabens vita tenore fluit.

20.

Hæc tamen a damno qui servet tutius offa,
 En tumulus fragilem præbet amicus opem !
 Et vera agresti eliciunt suspiria corde
 Incultæ effigies, indocilesque modi.

21.

Atque locum supplent elegorum nomen, et annis
 Quæ forma inscribit rustica Musa rudi :
 Multa etiam facri diffundit commata textûs
 Queis meditans discat vulgus agreste mori.

22.

Heu, quis enim dubiâ hâc dulcique excedere vitâ
 Jussus, et æternas jam subiturus aquas,
 Descendit nigram ad noctem, cupidusque supremo
 Non saltem occiduam respicit ore diem ?

Decedens

CARMEN ELEGIACUM, 133

23.

Decedens alicui fâtem mens fidit amico
In cuius blando pectore ponit opem,
Fletum aliquem exposcunt jam deficientia morte
Lumina, amicorum qui riget imbre genas.
Quin etiam ex tumulo, veteris not infacia flammæ,
Natura exclamat fida, memorque sui.

24.

At tibi, qui tenui hoc deducis carmine sortem,
Et defunctorum rustica fata gemis,
Huc olim intentus si quis vestigia flectat
Et fuerit qualis fors tua forte roget.

25.

Huic aliquis forsan senior respondeat ultiro,
Cui niveis albent tempora sparsa comis,
Vidimus hunc quam sæpe micantes roribus herbas
Verrentem rapido, mane rubente, gradu.
Ad roseum solis properabat sæpius ortum,
Summaque tendebat per juga latus iter.

26.

Sæpe sub hac fago, radices undique circum
Quæ varie antiquas implicant alta suas,
Stratus humi meditans medio procumberet æstu,
Lustraretque iñhians flebile murmur aquæ.

Sæpius

27.

Sæpius hac sylvam propter, viridesque recessus
 Urgeret meditans plurima, latus iter,
 Intentam hic multâ oblectaret imagine mentem,
 Musarumque frequens sollicitaret opem,
 Jam veluti demens, tacitis errarit in agris,
 Aut cuius stimulat corda repulsus amor.

28.

Mane aderat nuper, tamen hunc nec viderat arbos;
 Nec juga, nec saliens fons, taciturnve nemus;
 Altera lux oritur; nec apertâ hic valle videtur,
 Nec tamen ad fagum, nec prope fontis aquam.

29.

Tertia successit—lentoque exangue cadaver
 Ecce sepulcrali est pompa secuta gradu.
 Tu lege, (namque potes) cælatum in marmore car-
 men,
 Quod juxta has vepres exhibet iste lapis.

E P I T A P H I U M.

30.

C U I nunquam favit fama aut fortuna secunda,
 Congesto hoc juvenem cespite servat humus,
 Huic tamen arriuit jucunda Scientia vultu,
 Selegitque, habitans pectora, Cura sibi.

31.

Largus opum fuit, et sincero pectore fatus,
 Accepit prætium par, tribuente Deo.
 Indoluit miserans inopi, lacrymasque profudit.
 Scilicet id, miseris quod daret, omne fuit.
 A cœlo interea fidum acquisivit amicum,
 Silicet id, cuperet quod magis, omne fuit.

32.

Ne merita ulterius defuncti exquirere pergas,
 Nec vitia ex sacrâ sede referre petas.
 Utraque ibi trepidâ pariter spe condita restant,
 In gremio Patris scilicet atque Dei.



CARMEN



E L E G I A,

S C R I P T A I N

C O E M E T E R I O R U S T I C O.

L A T I N È R E D D I T A.





E L E G Y,

WRITTEN IN A

Country Church-Yard.





A . D

P O E T A M.

*N*OS quoque per tumulos, et amica Silentia dulcis
Raptat Amor ; Tecum liceat, Divine Poeta,
Ire simul, tacitaque lyram pulsare sub umbrâ.

Non tua securos fastidit Musa Penates,
Non humiles habitare casas, et sordida Rura ;
Quamvis radere iter liquidum super ardua Cœli
Cœrula, Pindaricâ non expallescet Alâ.
Quod si Te Latiae numeros audire Camænae
Non piget, et nostro vacat indulgere labori ;
Fortè erit, ut vitreas recubans Anienis ad undas,
Te doceat resonare nemus, Te flumina, Pastor,
Et tua cœruleâ discet Tiberinus in Urnâ
Carmina, cum tumulos præterlabetur agrestes.

Et

*Et cum pallentes inter numeraberis Umbras,
Cum neque Te vocale melos, neque murmura fontis
Castalii, citharæve sonus, quam strinxit Apollo.
Ex humili ulterius poterint revocare cubili :
Quamvis nulla tuum decorent Insignia Bustum,
At pia Musa super, nostræ nihil indiga Laudis,
Perpetuas aget excubias, lacrymæque perenni
Nutriet ambrosios in odoro Cespite flores.*



G E L E G I A.



E L E G I A.

1.

AUDIN' ut occiduæ signum campana diei
Vespertina sonet! flectunt se tarda per agros
Mugitusque armenta crient, vestigia arator
Fessa domum trahit, et solus sub nocte relinquor.

Nunc



E L E G Y.

1.

TH E Curfew tolls * the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now

* —— squilla di lontano,
Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che si muore.
Dante. Purgat. l. 8.

2.

Nunc rerum species evanida cedit, et omnis
 Aura filet, nisi quà pigro scarabæus in orbes
 Murmure se volvat, nisi tintinnabula longè
 Dent sonitum, faciles pecori suadentia somnos;

3.

Aut nisi sola sedens hederoſo in culmine turris
 Ad Lunam effundat lugubres noctua cantus,
 Visa queri, propter sacerdos fortè recessus
 Si quis eat, turbetque antiqua et inhospita regna.

4.

Hic subterque rudes ulmos, taxique sub umbrâ,
 Quà super ingestus crebro tumet aggere cespes,
 Æternum posuere angusto in carcere duri
 Villarum Patres, et longa oblivia ducunt.

Non

2.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

3.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The mopeing owl does to the Moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

4.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring
heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

5.

Non vox Auroræ croceos spirantis odores,
 Non quæ stramineo de tegmine stridit hirundo,
 Non galli tuba clara, neque hos resonabile cornu,
 Ex humili ulterius poterunt revocare cubili.

6.

Non illis splendente foco renovabitur ignis,
 Sedula nec curas urgetis vespere conjux;
 Non patris ad redditum tenero balbutiet ore
 Certatimve amplexa genu petet oscula proles.

7.

Illis saepe seges maturâ cessit aristâ,
 Illi saepe graves fregerunt vomere glebas;
 Ah! quoties læti sub plaustra egere juvencos!
 Ah! quoties duro nemora ingemuere sub iictu!

Nec

5.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

6.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
No children run to lisp their fire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

7.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy
stroke !

8.

Nec vitam utilibus quæ incubit provida curis,
 Nec sortem ignotam, securaque gaudia ruris
 Rideat Ambitio, tumidove Superbia fastu
 Annales inopum quoscunque audire recuset.

9.

Sceptri grande decus, generosæ stirpis honores,
 Quicquid opes, aut forma dedit, commune sepul-
 chrum.

Opprimit, et leti non evitabilis hora.

Dicit laudis iter tantum ad confinia mortis.

10.

Parcite sic tellure sitis (ita fata volebant)
 Si nulla in Memori surgant Insignia Busto,
 Quà longos per templi aditus, laqueataque tecta
 Divinas iterare solent gravia organa laudes.

11.

Inscriptæne valent urnæ, spirantiaque æra,
 Ad sedes fugientem animam revocare relicta ?
 Dicite, sollicitet cineres si fama repostos ?
 Gloria si gelidas Fatorum mulceat Aures ?

Quis

8.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

9.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

10.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to These the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their Tomb no Trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn isle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

11.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of Death ?

12.

Quis scit, an hic animus neglecta in sede quiescat
 Quis prius incaluit cœlestis semine flammæ?
 Quis scit, an hic sceptri Manus haud indigna re-
 cumbat,
 Quæve lyræ poterat magicum inspirasse furorem?

13.

Annales sed nulla suos His Musa reclusit,
 Dives opum variarum, et longo fertilis ævo:
 Pauperies angusta sacros compescuit ignes,
 Et vivos animi glaciavit frigore cursus.

14.

Sæpe coruscantes puro fulgore sub antris
 Abdidit Oceanus, cæcoque in gurgite gemmas;
 Neglectus sæpe, in solis qui nascitur agris,
 Flos rubet, inque auras frustra disperdit odorem.

15.

Hic aliquis fortè Hampdenus, qui pectora firmo
 Obsttit Imperio parvi in sua rura Tyranni,
 Miltonus tumulo rudis atque inglorius illo
 Dormiat, aut patrii Cromvellus sanguinis infans.

Eloquie

12.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some Heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.

13.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll ;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

14.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear ;
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

15.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little Tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th'

16.

Elequio attenti moderarier ora senatū,
 Exitium s̄evique minas ridere doloris,
 Per patriam largos fortunæ divitis imbræ
 Spargere, et in lato populi se agnoscere vultu,

17.

Hos sua fors vetuit; tenuique in limite clausit
 Virtutes, scelerisque simul compescuit ortum;
 Ad solium cursus per cædem urgere cruentos,
 Atque tuas vetuit, Clementia, claudere portas,

18.

Conatus premere occultos, quos conscia Veri
 Mens fovet, ingenuique extinguere signa pudoris,
 Luxuriæque focos cumulare, Ædemque superbam
 Thure, quod in sacris Musarum adoleverat aris.

In sanx

16.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

17.

Their lot forbad : nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of Mercy on mankind ;

18.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

19.

Insanæ procul amotis certamine turbæ
 Sobria non illis dedicerunt vota vagari ;
 Securum vitæ per iter, vallemque reductam,
 Servabant placidum, cursu fallente, tenorem.

20.

His tamen incautus tumulis ne forte vistor
 Insultet, videoas circum monimenta caduca,
 Quà numeris incompositis, rudibusque figuris
 Offa tegit lapis, et suspiria poscit euntem.

21.

Pro mœstis elegis, culto pro carmine, scribit
 Quicquid musa potest incondita, nomen et annos ;
 Multaque queis animum moriens soletur agrestis,
 Dogmata dispergit sacraï Scripturaï.

Sollicitæ

19.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

20.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture
deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

21.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd
muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply :
And many a holy Text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For

22.

Sollicitæ quis enim, quis amatæ dulcia Vitæ
Tædia, sustinuit mutare silentibus umbris;
Deseruitve almæ confinia lata diei,
Nec desiderio cunctantia lumina flexit?

23.

Projicit in gremium sese moriturus amicum,
Deficiensque oculus lacrymas, pia munera, poscit;
Quinetiam fida ex ipso Natura sepulchro |
Exclamat, solitoque reluent igne favillæ.

At

22.

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious Being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind ?

23.

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
* Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For

* Ch'i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio fuoco,
Fredda una lingua, & due begli occhi chiusi
Rimaner doppo noi pien di faville.

Petrarch. Son. 169.

94.

At te, cui curæ tumulo sine honore jacentes,
Incomptoque memor qui pingis agrestia versu;
Si quis erit, tua qui cognato pectore quondam
Fata roget, solâ secum meditatus in umbrâ,

25.

Fortè aliquis memoret, canus jam tempora
Pastor,
" Illum sæpe novo sub lucis vidimus ortu
" Verrentem propero matutinos pede rores,
" Nascenti super arva jugosa occurrens Soli.

26.

“ Illic antiquas ubi torquet devia fagus
“ Radices per humum, patulo sub tegmine, lassus
“ Solibus æstivis, se effundere sæpe solebat,
“ Lumina fixa tenens, rivumque notare loqacem.
“ Sæpe

24.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit shall inquire thy fate,

25.

Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,
“ Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
“ Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
“ To meet the Sun upon the upland lawn.

26.

“ There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
“ That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
“ His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
“ And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
“ Hard

27.

- “ Sæpe istam affuetus prope sylvam errare, su-
perbum
- “ Ridens nescio quid; nunc multa abnormia vol-
vens,
- “ Aut desperanti similis nunc pallidus ibat,
- “ Ut curâ insanus, miserove agitatus Amore.

28.

- “ Mane erat, et solito non illum in colle vide-
bam,
- “ Non illum in campo, notâ nec in arboris umbrâ:
- “ Jamque nova est exorta dies; neque flumina
propter,
- “ Nec propter sylvam, aut arvis erat ille jugosus.

29.

- “ Adveniente aliâ, portatum hunc ordine mæsto
- “ Vidimus, et tristes quâ semita ducit ad Ædem
- “ Rite ire exequias; ades huc, et perlege carmen
- “ (Nam potes) inscriptum lapidi sub vepre ve-
tustâ.”

E P I T A-

27.

“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
“ Mutt’ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
“ Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
“ Or craz’d with care, or cross’d in hopeless love.

28.

“ One morn I miss’d him on the custom’d hill,
“ Along the heath and near his fav’rite tree ;
“ Another came ; nor yet beside the till,
“ Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;”

29.

The next with dirges due, in sad array,
“ Slow thro’ the Church-way path we saw him
borne.
“ Approach and read (for thou can’t read) the
lay,
“ Grav’d on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.

THE

E P I T A P H I U M.

30.

*N*E C famæ, neque notus, h̄c quiescit,
 Fortunæ Juvenis, super silenti
 Telluris gremio caput reponens.
 Non cunas humiles, Laremque parvum
 Contempſit pia Musa; flebilisque
 Jussit Melpomene suum vocari.

31.

*H*uit largum fuit, integrumque pectus,
 Et largum tulit a Deo favorem:
 Solum quod potuit dare, indigenti
 Indulſit lacrymam; Deusque Amicum,
 Quod solum petiit, dedit roganti.

32.

*V*irtutes fuge curiosus ultra
 Scrutari; fuge sedibus tremendis
 Culpas eruere, in Patris Deique
 Illic mente sacrâ, simul reprobâ
 Inter spemque metumque conquiescunt.

THE EPITAPH.

30.

HE RE rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown?
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

31.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely send :
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

32.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)*
The bosom 'of his Father and his God.

* — paventosa speme. Petrarch. Son. 114.



